

Salmon, Eagle, Hawk & Bear

by Em Alla Sevol



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This dream feels in some ways like it belongs to us all. Perhaps seeing your own struggles in another, maybe you won't feel so alone. Perhaps seeing your own triumphs in another, you may feel welcomed home. Perhaps the most important thing we all need to hear is that whatever you are doing, it is working. Please, please continue. Thank you.

Last night I had a dream I was hiking in the mountains and they were electrified like the stars but stars were not in the sky they were on the ground strewn across the landscape. There was a power generating plant inside the mountain making all these points of light in the hills and fields possible.

The night before I dreamed I was an eagle flying down these narrow twisting canyons and then inside this power generating plant. I was having trouble flying amongst all the power generating apparatus, so I landed and hopped about realizing I had some growing to do before I could really fly and maneuver amongst all this machinery. I am just a baby eagle with much to learn.

I woke up remembering back a few months, dancing a 5 Rhythms Tidal Wave at Cannon Beach with a dear friend, firing off salvo's of blessings to three baby eagles testing their wings overhead. As dancing below, so dancing above.

The day before the Eagle dream, two days before the Bear dream, I sat on the foggy shores of Priest Point feeling lost and hopeless and wondering if I would ever arrive anywhere or would I just wander endlessly in the fog.

41 salmon jumped in front of me. The fish of wisdom seeking fresh water to swim in. I longed to be that water. I became the salmon swimming in me, and though it was all visible to me, the swift wetness palpable, it seemed to remain beyond my grasp. I had no idea what to do with it all. A bear might know. An eagle might know. But I did not know. I was just fog. And I was grateful to be there.

I would try to describe each leaping salmon in the brief moment it was visible, making hasty sketches till the sketches were piled up to the sky and I was none the wiser. I

offered what remained of my sketch pad to the sea. Maybe she can draw better than me.

Slowly, gently the tide pushed me back against the muddy bank as if to say you've seen enough. Go play somewhere else.

Grateful to the lunar pulls of this world and the twists of fate that bring me to its shores, this baby eagle knows what it needs to know to stay alive, and to grow and where to get it, having already been imprinted by the mothering salt of the sea.

In this mornings dream I am outside the power plant in the mountains and backpacking in the wilderness with 3 friends. We turn away from the field of lights and head into the deep, dark brush. I hear a bear grunt. Ignoring it I keep walking. Then a cub runs in front of me and I look around to discover we are surrounded by grizzly bears. One of them charges and snarls. I stand down and the charge stops. I'm trying to appeal silently to everyone, through my fear, to honor Bear. Bear is screaming at me, I have crossed too many lines and I don't know which way is out. It seems like a step in any direction will mean death and not moving out of her way will too. Overwhelmed and not seeing any option I step out of the dream.

Awake but still surrounded by Grizzly Bears, I sought refuge in the only direction available to me, I went inside, Bear opened to me and I asked for guidance. Bear invites me "to receive nourishment from the placenta of the great void." Bear showed me the cave where he hibernates in the center of my skull. In that cave was contained the entire universe. Has it been there all along?

Bear. The first animal I consciously drew—I can still see it. 4 years old in the doctors office shortly after my body cast was removed. An angry snarling, snarled grizzly bear. I didn't draw much as a child, but when I did it had significance to me. I knew it meant something even if I didn't know what.

I was at the end of a rite of passage. The initiation was my parents leaving me alone for the first time with a stranger to get away from me. I thought they were never coming back. My dad thought it was funny to tease me that way. Rite of Passage Stage One: Separation.

Stage Two is the ordeal, Shamanic dismemberment in the sudden collision of a 70 mph car and a 3 year old boy. I was separated again, this time from my body suddenly and violently. I fought with my baby sister to steal her shiny new body, but she wouldn't swap with me. No way! I finally returned to my bloody mangled self and spent six months wrapped in plaster slithering across the ground on a mechanics creeper.

Stage Three is the final and most important step of any rite of passage, the Return. It is the end of the ordeal and the recognition of the new being. The Return usually doesn't happen for anyone anymore. We are all too busy with our ordeals that never seem to end. Never seem to end. Never seem to end. Never seem to end. End. End. End. Where was my Return? When do I get to come home? Where is home anyways?

Where was the final stage of the rite of passage? Was it there and I missed it? Where was the grizzly bear? I drew the bear into the world. Then what? I drew the bear. But why did I draw the bear in its snarl of chaos and hatred? What happened? What did I see? Did I get scared and run away? Nobody understood my drawing, but my mom kept it and it continued to hunt me.

Yesterday Eagle's arrival reminded me to attack my fears with fierceness. Already my baby eagle self is snatching those salmon of wisdom from the sea and bringing them back to the nest to feed the children as best as I can, being a baby eagle, I'm probably ahead of myself. I've always been precocious, might as well embrace it as a gift.

I was having a hard time flying being so new to it but I was doing it and my wings got tested by sudden turbulence and I got really angry and I snarled at a friend like a grizzly bear because she had come between me and my cub.

I felt her discomfort but I didn't let up. In one way that seemed right. I needed to get her attention. But in another sense I felt like I could do better. I could do better.

Then hawk came with a message to listen. Pay attention she screamed. I know from experience not to ignore "Pay Attention!" cries from Spirit. If Spirit wants my attention, Spirit gets it one way or another. Best listen to the first call, otherwise Spirit thinks, "Maybe I should call louder."

"What do you want?" I asked

"What do you want?" Hawk echoed—as Hawk often does.

My gifts—that I am not using. Intuition. Discernment. Empathy. I am using another's gifts that I do not know how to use. My Dad could use the yelling, snarling gift to great effect. The world paid attention to my Dad and did what he said. I don't know how to use that gift I only create havoc with it. Like Poder's secret stealer, in Michael Meade's Initiation and the Soul, or Mickey Mouse in the Sorcerer's Apprentice, I only create havoc when I try to use another's gifts. But mine—when I use mine—magic.

“Attack your fears with fierceness, not another's,” reminded Eagle again, dropping a bit of salmon into my beak so I would taste it for myself this time.

Well I'm afraid of a snarling bear. Attacking the bear is attacking the Bear's fear of me. My fear is that I will be killed. So let me face that fear by saying go ahead and kill me. How's that for fierce? I surrender all effort to stop you from doing so. You will have to sustain it all by yourself, Bear.

Just like that, there I was. The philosopher's cave near the pineal gland. The place Bear hibernates to digest the years events. The limitless place of knowing. The place that swallows questions and answers whole. Deep, black, empty peacefulness. I realize I have found the Sacred within me yet again. I have found complete safety in my fear. Let me just sit here and be, comfortably.

Just Be.

Home.

She, between me and my cub, brings me an offering of love to nourish and cleanse our souls. It's been a long night traveling through time dusting off relics and polishing them to a shine. She too has been hunting through the night with her piercing sight. I show her the gifts I do not know how to use and she opens a window so they can return to their rightful place and owl silently carries them away. That rite of passage feels complete. Something is going home. The Age of Reunion is underway.

Much of my life I've been a thief thinking I had no gifts. I would usurp the gifts of others and could never get them to work quite as well in my hands. What I needed was always outside myself. Somehow I got the idea that I had no value and I became empty inside and because I was empty I had to hide myself from everyone, lest they discover my deep, dark, empty secret.

When anyone would look at me I would simply hold up a mirror and let them fall in love with their own reflection. Any casual observer could watch me changing from one

person to the next as I mingled my way across a crowded room, stuffing my pockets full of others' gifts I would never know what to do with.

Anything but be me. Anything but let another see the emptiness inside me. Why? Looking at it now, I can't remember what I once found so horrific. Except that somehow it was all outside me and I thought I was the only one and I was all alone and unwanted and abandoned and I had no value. All value had been invested in everyone else.

Surprise. The emptiness inside me is beautiful beyond belief. In that first moment of arrival it would have been easy to imagine I had never valued anything more and it was all me. It is the deepest blackest diamond I have ever seen. Gazing into it, velvety arms wrapped around me and a voice whispered, "All my children. Always my children. Now go and play."

I love how I'm always being pushed out into the world to go have an adventure. It isn't that I'm not wanted, it's that I'm wanted to live my dream, whatever that might be. Suddenly I'm feeling scared and I want to go back to the cave. Can I do that?

It's still there. I still know the way to the cave. I'm still welcome. "All my children. Always my children." I feel so small and so huge at the same time. How awkward. How awesome. Slowly I absorb what is around me, what is me—then I become aware of other caves.

One in the heart is throbbing and thrusting. Another in the perineum has been trying to open to connect to the electric field around the body—a gift brought by a friend late last night. I'm slowly becoming aware of more and more of myself that was always here but hidden because I believed it was outside myself. There is not an outside. There is ONLY the Divine everywhere and nowhere. "All my children. Always my children."

Now I'm sensing another cave. In the pelvis and it is trying to connect to the perineum and heating up near the union. I'm starting to see these disconnected caves as a potential column. Is it the same one I traverse with Kriya breath from Yogiraj? Is it the rainbow column from Kundalini's Creative Kriya? And didn't I see somewhere a Rainbow Bridge meditation? Is that what is opening up for me? All roads leading to home.

We'll see. It doesn't matter. What matters is right now. Right now I have begun to heal and be healed by a relationship or two or three....before even getting out of bed. As a

result my cub is safe and well fed, my enemies have become my friends. Gifts have been given, released, returned and received. My relationships are helping me grow and I am helping them grow in return. There is no end to the salvation, it is purely for love. I am in love with the Sacred, with all that is, and love is flowing back into the world through me.

Myth has entered me and I have entered myth. Life has meaning deeper than the sky more ancient than the hills, more alive than the forest.

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